

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE SEASIDE WELL.

"Waters flowed over mine head; then I said, I am cut off."—*LAM. iii. 54.*

One day I wandered where the salt sea-tide
Backward had drawn its wave,
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hillside
To wild flowers gave.
Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,
And 'mid its pebbles stray'd,
As if it thought to join a happy brook
In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell
Came rolling in once more,
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well
And pebbled shore.
Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,
Or life in the grave's gloom,
The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,
Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide,
Remnant of wreck to save,
Again I wandered when the salt sea-tide
Withdrew its wave.
And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,
No anger in its tone,
Still as it thought some happy brook to meet,
The spring flowed on.

While waves of bitterness rolled o'er its head,
Its heart had folded deep
Within itself, and quiet fancies led,
As in a sleep.
Till, when the ocean loosed his heavy chain,
And gave it back to-day,
Calmly it turned to its own life again,
And gentle way.

Happy, I thought, that which can draw its life
Deep from the nether springs,
Safe 'neath the pressure, tranquil 'mid the strife,
Of surface things.
Safe, for the sources of the nether springs
Up in the far hills lie;
Calm, for the life its power and freshness brings
Down from the sky.

So, should temptations threaten, and should sin
Roll in its whelming flood,
Make strong the fountain of thy grace within
My soul, O God!
If bitter scorn and looks, once kind, grown
strange,
With crushing chillness fall,
From secret wells let sweetness rise, nor change
My heart to gall!

When sore thy hand doth press, and waves of
thine
Afflict me like a sea,—
Deep calling deep, infuse from source divine
Thy peace in me!
And when death's tide, as with a brimful cup,
Over my soul doth pour,
Let hope survive,—a well that springeth up
For evermore!

Above my head the waves may come and go,
Long brood the deluge dire,
But life lies hidden in the depths below
Till waves retire,—
Till death, that reigns with overflowing flood,
At length withdraw its sway,
And life rise sparkling in the sight of God
And endless day.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

ONE DAY OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

"The days will come when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and ye shall not see it."—LUKE xvii. 22.

"One of the days of the Son of Man"! Yes: what would we not give now for one day of Christ's life! To be able, even for one day, to pierce through the dim veil of centuries, to look into that face, to hear that voice for ourselves!

Why, even the imaginary picture of a single incident of that life has a strange fascination. How the old masters, as their crowning effort, tried to see through all the group of years some likeness of that face, or, at least, to give men some divinest thought of what it must have been!

There is one verse which comes—or something like it—again and again, and which I take to be the key of many days: "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." So we first see him, as the disciples often used to see him, coming down the mountain path, with the light of prayer upon his face,—a light that sets them thinking how the face of Moses shone so that men could not look upon it. Sometimes they remembered that he had left them so the night before, and whispered to each other that he must have passed the whole night in prayer.

Then you see them beginning the day together, with their morning meal,—so simply! From the laborer's wallet, that each carries at his girdle,—those "twelve baskets" that we read of,—they bring out the coarse, dark bread, and perchance a few dates or olives; and with water from the nearest well, and always with some little word of thanks, the meal is made.

"Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth." That also is a word for many days. And so we see them setting forth,—a little straggling company. There are the twelve, and others with them, and a few devoted women,—Mary of Magdala, we read of, and Salome, mother of James and John. And that one with the richer dress is Joanna, the wife of one of Herod's court officials; and chief among these, Mary, the mother of Jesus, ever with a sort of loving wonder in

her face at this strange outcome of all the quiet years at Nazareth.

And, a little on ahead, mostly alone, walks the Master, as they love to call him. Ah, that is the figure that we crave most to see! But all that we can make out is one in the common dress of the Syrian peasant, much like the Arab of to-day,—the close-fitting tunic, that "seamless robe" we read of, and the long white outer coat, its wide folds girdled with some colored scarf, and the head covered with that white *burnous* so typical of the East. The face one cannot see; for the head is bent, as of one lost in thought or bowed beneath a mighty burden. It must be that bowed head that sets the disciples thinking of those words of Isaiah, "Surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

And yet, for all that bended head and absorbed look, he is not too absorbed to take in many a thing in the nature and life around,—the two women sitting at their door, and turning their little corn-mill, as he passes; the laborers waiting to be hired; the scenes of husbandry; the crimson lilies that make him think of Solomon, and the busy, twittering birds. Poor little sparrows! He had seen strings of them in the Capernaum market yesterday,—“five for two farthings,” he heard the seller saying; and, as he looks at them, he loves them, and the thought rushes to his heart of how the Lord loves them, too, and that not one of them can fall to the ground without the Father knowing that one of his little bird-children is gone.

So do I seem to see the little company coming, scattering along the road. It is a lonely spot just here, among gorges of the hills, all honeycombed with ancient, rock-hewn tombs. Suddenly from among these tombs rushes a strange, wild figure. A madman,—one who had broken his chain, and fled to the unclean graves where none would follow him, the terror of all who came that way, and pleased, with a madman's cunning, to be such a terror. Likely enough, if he had come first upon the groups behind, they would have fled, shrieking, from him. But the first he meets, as he comes raging along, is Christ; and Christ's look, so calm and strong and full of loving pity, holds him, subdues him, so that with a cry he sinks down at the

Master's feet, the madness all calmed out of him. Then a spare garment here and there is found for the poor, gashed, naked form; and those who gather, by and by, find him sitting at the Saviour's feet, "clothed and in his right mind." Ah! he might well cling to that benignant presence, and beseech to remain with him; but it was not such poor, unbalanced lives, however healed, that Christ needed for his work, and so he bids the man go home and tell them there "what great things the Lord had done for him."

Once more I see them all journeying on. And now they are among the villages, and the word spreads like wildfire that the new prophet is coming. Do you realize what this meant among that Jewish peasantry? Do you realize how, everywhere, they were full of the deep passion of Messianic expectation? Do you realize how, from end to end of that little land, the long, slow hope of centuries had come to a head in an intense belief that at last the day of God was coming which should see their oppressors trampled beneath their feet and their nation lifted up into that glory which they called "the kingdom of God"? And all this passionate hope was fastening itself upon this new prophet, of whom such wondrous things were told. That tells the story. And so, from every village he passed through, from every little group of houses, there came a still increasing band. The farmer left his plough, and took his staff and girded his garment tighter as he went. The laborers came forth from field and vineyard. And not these only. The mother forgot her household cares, and, snatching up her little ailing child, with others holding by her skirt, set off, unmindful how far it might be to carry such a burden. The cripple hobbled off, as if the very name of Christ was putting new strength already into his halting limbs. Blind men besought the passers-by to lead them, and poor sick folk were carried by their willing neighbors; and even the village children left their play, and hurried off with their companions. Mile after mile they followed, sometimes crying out and pleading piteously to be healed and blessed. Christ shrank from all this crowd and noise, and yet he could not hear their cries unmoved. A great, tender pity filled his heart; and, as

he looked at them and spoke to them, some power of God was present that put new strength into them and healed them. And then they clung to him and followed him the more, in their great thankfulness, and cried, "Speak to us, rabbi, speak to us, and tell us of the coming of the kingdom!"

And so, at last, he stays his steps to teach them. That teaching,—I would I could depict it adequately; for it not only fills up the rest of this one day, but the greater part of those brief years.

A strange sight, that which it presents,—very different from the modern congregation and the modern preacher. More like one of the wild gatherings of the Covenanters among the Scottish moors, or the multitude who, in the first days of the Quakers, would wait, sometimes for hours, about George Fox, till at length the spirit moved him. So are the people waiting now,—hundreds of swarthy, white-robed Syrian peasants, trading one upon another (as Luke tells it) in their eagerness, and yet in that intense, passive stillness only possible in the East, hardly a motion of life except in the gleaming eyes fastened on the silent prophet, seated on a little rising where they all can see him.

At length into that stillness comes a voice,—a voice not loud, I think, but strangely clear, and sounding somehow as if it were not merely he speaking to those people gathered round, but a "word of the Lord" speaking through him to the world, and with a power which left each sentence graven on the listening heart:—

"Unto what is the kingdom of God like? And whereunto shall I resemble it?"

"It is like a seed, a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and cast into his garden. And it grew and waxed a great tree, so that the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it."

And then he stopped; and the deep silence fell on all, only some wondered what sort of "kingdom" that could be that was only to grow quietly like a seed. And, by and by, again that voice, and the words that seem to cleave the stillness, like the sword-edge of the Spirit:—

"Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God?"

"It is like leaven,—leaven which a woman

took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."

And again he pauses, and again the deep, waiting silence. It is in one of these longer pauses that I seem to see those mothers bringing their little children to him, and the disciples hushing them away,—a little consequentially, one gathers, as a sort of self-constituted guard, who could not let the prophet be disturbed by a parcel of children!

But Christ hears them, and calls them to him. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." And so they come to him,—some poor little weaklings whom the mothers had carried all that way, some clinging to their skirts, some bold, some timid; but, one by one, he takes them in his arms and blesses them. And then again into the waiting silence comes the word,—

"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Again,—this time a longer silence. When he speaks again, he has reverted to that thought of the kingdom of God as "leaven," remembering how the popular teachers of the day are hardening and corrupting the old, grand faith of Israel into forms and externalities,—

"Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy!"

And then, as if he felt the conflict this must bring,—

"Be not afraid of them that kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do."

And other sayings, sentence upon sentence, of absolute trust in the Spirit of God, and of how the wronging and blaspheming of that Spirit was the one hopeless sin. And then, again, the silence. This time that silence is broken by a strange, almost grotesque, interruption,—a voice from among the people,—*"Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me."*

I think I see the prophet figure shrink, as if chilled, as if he was called sharply back from the great thoughts of God to the poor level of these actual hopes and moods of the people, these passions of ambition and revenge, this following him, as if he

were some mere wonder-working healer,—now this man, who had only been thinking, as he listened, that, perhaps, one who spoke with such authority might even prevail with his hard, grasping brother.

And yet there is hardly a rebuke,—only that word, "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" But then he turns back, as it were, to the very beginnings of the new life, to warn them all of this deep, subtle engrossment in the outward world,—

"Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

And so, with parable and pointed saying, and deep, eternal truth which has never been forgotten since that day,—you may read it all in the twelfth chapter of Luke,—he turns them to the thought of a great, happy trust in God, which should live and do its part in his world, not without taking any "thought" (that is the clumsy blunder which the "Revised Version" has corrected), not without thought, but "without anxiety"; pointing them to the lilies and the ravens,—not parables of happy idleness, but of happy activity, and bringing all round to that great closing word, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

That is the end. His head sinks forward, leaning on his hands. The word of the Lord is spoken. The day is wearing away. The people rouse themselves; and, group by group, they steal away toward their village homes. The shadow of the hills begins to fall on all things. Silent and tired, the Master shares the same frugal meal as in the morning; and another day of that wonderful life is done.

"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." So says Jesus to the scribe who, in a momentary flush of enthusiasm, has offered to go with him. They rest just where they are. It is no hardness to Jesus, though it would have been to the scribe, that he lies down, he and his chosen ones, in some sheltered hollow of the hills. Upon the flat roof of a neighboring house are the women, with the Mary-mother sitting among them. She cannot sleep. This life is too full of newness and awe. Who is this man whom she has borne and brought up? What does it all mean? And, as they talk

together of him, rises slowly over the hill the evening star, brilliant with that transcendent brightness which seems always new. As they all look at it, I seem to hear Mary saying, "There was a wonderful star like that the night my son was born." And so—I always think it must have been at such an hour—she would go on to tell of things which had happened at that birth of her first-born,—such things as mothers "keep and ponder in their hearts"; how that night there came shepherds to their door, who said that they had seen a strange light in the sky, and heard a sound like singing, and had come, wondering, to the village to see what might have happened, and had been told that an infant had been born to some wayfarers in the stable; and how, a few days later, had come three travellers from some Eastern place, who told how they had seen a star so bright that it must surely be the star of the Messiah, and who looked at the little babe and wondered if it might be he, and left rich presents when they went away. All of which, you know, was likely enough in those eager days, when the whole Jewish world was filled with that passionate dream of the Deliverer, and any little child might be he that was to come.

Pondering such things, the voices cease. Soon the only sounds are the bleating from a distant sheepfold and an occasional snarling of the wild dogs in the village street. Once more, darkness and sleep possess God's world; and one day more is added to that great Life which is to be forevermore "the Light of the World."

Such days as this, it must have been, that made up those two or three brief years. Simply such wandering life of loving helpfulness and deep, wise teaching that could never be forgotten! And yet how strange the way it has been remembered! Why, think how rare it is for any one to leave an impression so that, even after fifty years, the elders will still be talking of him, and the younger ones be trying to be more kind and pure and true because of him! And here are eighteen centuries come and gone; and still that Christ-life, lived in that far-off corner of the world, is the one life most talked of among men. And talked of, thought of, how? Not as some mighty shadow of the past, but as an influence to the present,

inexpressibly tender and dear! One the thought of whom helps the weak to be strong, and the sorrowful to be glad, and the burdened to toil on patiently, and the sinful to struggle like death against their sins! One the thought of whom touches even, rude hearts with kindness, and draws the sundered lives of men a little nearer together, and sets little children trying to make some one happier,—yes, and brings into all this common lot of earth the greatness and the meaning of one who is forever "the Way and the Truth and the Life."—*Brooke Herford.*

THE STILL HOUR.

When the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers and birds and dew
Parables of God;
For within his heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had his abode.

Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Fill us with thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

And, when in the fields and woods
We are filled with nature's moods,
May the grace be given
With the faithful heart to say,
"All I see and feel to-day
Is my Father's heaven."

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Let thy spirit burn with a steady light. Thou canst not know when another shall catch the sacred fire from thee.—*Lesson of the Days.*

One hour spent in solitude, in struggle with and victory over a single bosom-sin, is worth more, even intellectually, than a year's study.—*Coleridge.*

Pluck out of suffering the glory that is shut up in it; and may it be said of each one of you, "Because of the joy set before him he endured the cross."—*Wilfred Monod.*

The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but of harmony. It is not of refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in duty.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Resignation is not a passive and unaspiring content with life and the world as they are, but it is a faithful acceptance of God's sovereignty and God's purpose and God's method.—*Philip Mozom.*

Work thou for self alone, and life shall die at death;
For others live, and, lo! death shall be God's own breath.

—*Charles P. Nettleton.*

He only is advancing in life whose heart is growing softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords and kings of the earth,—they, and they only.—*Ruskin.*

The mastery of self is the end of true living; and this mastery is shown, not in the negative attitude, by the things we do not do, but by that mental power that compels the mind to the positive attitude,—the forcing of the mind to do that against which it rebels.—*Outlook.*

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong, honor that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.—*John Ruskin.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington, Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your

full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

I shall be very glad to receive through the readers of *Cheerful Letter* the following books: "Paul and Virginia," "Won by Waiting," "House of Seven Gables," "Homeward Path." I especially like religious novels, or any religious books that will be helpful to me and my friends. Some of these I wish for distribution, some I wish for my own use. Mrs. Ennis Pegram, Delaplane, North Carolina.

I wish to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for the many hours of pleasure derived from the books and papers which they have so kindly sent. Not only in our home have they been read, but in many others around us. I ask a continuance of the same. Will some one please send a large-size map of the United States for my boys? I would love to read "Home Influence" and "Mother's Recompense." My boys wish for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I will pass all on to others. Mrs. B. M. Wood, Thorn Hill, Virginia.

I am now in a hospital, and am subject to despondency. I will be very glad to get cheerful reading and letters from cheerful people. I will see that the invalids here get the benefit of the reading matter. Lyssa Lasley, Mothers' Home, Stuart, Virginia.

I write introducing my young friend, Miss Haseltine J. Herndon, Indianatown, Orange County, Virginia. She is eleven years old. Her parents are not able to more than supply bodily comforts to her and her brother, who is eight years old. Her mother is very anxious about their education,—was once a public school teacher. I think them worthy. I would feel grateful if you could send her some books. She would be glad to have *The Cheerful Letter* sent to her. Yours fraternally, J. M. Sizer.

A great sorrow has come into my life; and I am greatly in need of advice, and hope to

receive it through some of my *Cheerful Letter* friends, whose kind letters have cheered me so much in the past. Last March my husband was called to his better home; and I am left to struggle alone with seven children, the oldest a girl of seventeen. I am very lonely without my companion; but I have to take up the burden of life, and work as cheerfully as I can, for my children's sake. As some will remember, my husband was a minister till nearly four years ago, when, on account of failing health, he concluded to try farming. So now we are left on a farm; and it is work that I do not like, and am afraid will never make a success at. Will some one advise me of some way to make a living in town, so my children can go to a good school? I have thought of photography, but do not know where or how I could learn it. Then the expense might be too much. I also think I would enjoy kindergarten teaching, for I dearly love little children; but I do not know how to begin studying. Could I learn it from books, or is there a school where it is taught? Any advice about any other business, or any books on the above occupation, will be so thankfully received. And I want all Christians to help me with your prayers. I feel such a great responsibility resting upon me. Without my Father's help, I would surely sink beneath the load. Mrs. Carrie Smith (Mrs. W. C. Smith), Chase, Kansas, Box 156.

I have so enjoyed *The Cheerful Letter*, and have passed on all reading received,—enjoyed it doubly in that way. I am one of the "shut-ins," and do not like to lose a number of *The Cheerful Letter*. My address is changed from Falconer to 563 East 2d Street, Jamestown, New York. I cannot begin to tell of the good that is being done by all of you brave and loyal ones, and the Father of all good will prosper the work. Mrs. D. Jayne.

Dear Madam,—I write to express my thanks for nice reading I have lately received from *The Cheerful Letter* friends and also the books and pictures for the children. They were all nice and interesting, and are a great pleasure to us, as we do not see many persons where we live. We get lonely sometimes. We will always be glad to get something to read, which we will pass on to

others who like reading. Mrs. Ida V. Wann, Glenzaida, Alabama.

Mrs. J. M. Carter, 418 3d Street, Olympia, Wash., asks for any good reading.

I live way back in the mountain parts of the Blue Ridge, and I don't often get to hear any preaching. If you would send me *The Cheerful Letter*, it would be some comfort to me, as I am not able to work and I have to stay in the house the most of my time; and, if you could send me any books or magazines of any kind, they would be received with my greatest thanks. J. M. Vannoy, Vannoy, North Carolina.

Mrs. L. A. Searle, Norton, Kansas, asks for a "United States History," "Bonnie Brier Bush," and "Black Beauty."

I am a poor girl, and cannot buy books and papers that I would love to read, and will be very glad to receive any of your good books and papers. I would like Emerson's "Essays"; the Life of Queen Victoria; *Review of Reviews* for 1900; *Outlook* for 1900; and any Sunday paper for children. I will let you hear from me again when I receive the books or papers. I am a member of the church, and my pastor's name is Rev. C. L. Anthony. Anxiously waiting your reply, I am very respectfully (Miss) Bessie W. Watts, Pleasant View, Amherst County, Virginia.

I am a consumptive located in the mountain region of New York, and cannot afford to buy the reading matter I would like. I am a veteran of the late war; and I contracted malaria in the tropics, and have come back to the States to die from the results of my campaign in the Philippines. I am sorry to say that the government has not yet allowed us pension enough to hardly pay for the medicine I need. I do receive six dollars for a wound received at Santiago. My request to the readers is that, if any one has Dr. Savage's book on "Life beyond Death" or any good Unitarian reading matter, I would be thankful for the same. I will return any I receive if desired. I am a great lover of Dr. Savage's sermons. I have found a great deal of comfort in them. Frank I. Hand, Windfall, New York.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

"Love is stronger in those with whom it is not the strongest passion."*—*Walter Savage Landor.*

In writing articles on subjects treated in this department of our paper, there is some danger of using general expressions which verge toward truisms and platitudes.

To say "We need noble mothers," "Parents ought to have patience with children," etc., is to say what is true, but not especially useful, because it leaves us just where we were before. Every one is agreed on certain points. But, if we can show any truth more plainly, which may inspire mothers with a little more strength and patience, or say anything which will show the important fundamental truths more clearly, that will be a practical gain, and may do some real good.

I will try in this article to describe a real mother whom I have known. I hope others may be moved to do the same thing. Lives are good lessons. We learn more from them than from words.

I do not suppose that the mother of whom I speak was perfect, because no one is that; but she had some traits, gifts, and methods which seem to me worth recalling and considering.

To begin with, she was the most domestic woman I ever knew. I do not mean by this that she cared for nothing outside of her own home. Far from it. She cared all the more for the important interests of the human race because she cared so much for those who were her special charge.

Her self-devotion as a mother I never saw equalled. When her children were young, it was very hard for her to leave them at all. No amusement, no outside employment, would have been any temptation to her. If her children were ill, she could scarcely bring herself to leave their bedside, even for food or sleep,—still less for exercise. Many times, in the first years of her children's lives, she spent whole weeks in the house, not even going outside of the door for a little fresh air. Once when "the baby" (her second child) was about four

* Quoted from memory.

months old, she left her for an hour or two to go to a funeral. She suffered so much, even in this temporary parting, that she ran almost all the way home, and, when the door was opened, had scarcely breath to ask, "How's the baby?" The maid opened her eyes very wide, and answered, "She's very well, ma'am: she's asleep."

Perhaps she carried this intense motherliness to an extreme; but, if so, it was an exaggeration of devotion, not of neglect.

While her children were little, she often boarded in the country during the summer months. In places where, as a rule, the boarding-houses refused to receive children, an exception was made in favor of hers. "Your children, Mrs. —, we will always take," she would be told. "Send them any time with your nursery maid, if you cannot come yourself."

She once said to a friend, "I never have boarded anywhere that, when I went away, the boarding-house keeper did not come and thank me for treating her with kindness and consideration."

What a comment on the ordinary mother and the average child, whom we meet at seashore and country resorts!—the mother whose children maraud all over the house, playing spiteful tricks and disgusting everybody with their bold, coarse impudence, while she complacently remarks, "*My children are real children*," meaning that they do exactly what they please, and she expects every one to put up with their vulgarity and maliciousness.

I remember one case where a certain poetic justice overtook the parents and their young barbarians. The family were accustomed to spend a summer month in the country, with the parents of the father. The children made themselves such nuisances one summer that the next year the two domestics, who had lived so many years in the house as to be really members of the family, after the good old New England custom, declared that they could not possibly remain in the house if these torments came. The result was that they were obliged to lose the visit.

The mother of whom I write was once staying at the seashore; and a question arose as to whether a few more people who had rooms outside of the house could be accommodated by being received at the table. It

could only be managed by having a second table for some of the children staying in the house. Some of these at once noisily bawled that they were "not going to give up *their* places." But the children of my friend instantly and cheerfully yielded their places. They had already formed the habit of setting themselves aside when there was an opportunity to do a kindness.

Another time one of the same children—a school-girl in her teens,—had been invited to a wedding. Her best white muslin dress was to be prepared by the seamstress, who came daily to the house for this occasion. One of the neighbors sent in to ask for the loan of the seamstress for a few days, "as I have Mamie to get ready for the wedding." "Now, dear," said the mother of the first young girl, "it lies between you and Mamie." No more was necessary: her daughter resigned her claim at once, and went to the wedding in her *old* dress, while Mamie appeared in a "wedding garment."

The most characteristic trait of the mother of whom I write was her constant thought and care for *all* with whom she came in contact. Perhaps it *began* with a strong sense of justice, but it went far beyond that; for she was always ready to do more than justice could claim. It was an earnest desire that every one should not only have his *rights* regarded, but should have everything that his best welfare required. Where the interests of others clashed with hers, hers were the ones to be set aside.

If guests came to stay with her, she carried in her mind everything that was needed for their comfort. If a second visit was made, after an interval of years, she remembered the tastes of each guest,—what were his favorite dishes, etc. A lady who stayed a day or two at her house said to the daughter of her hostess, "Why, I *never* was so taken care of!"

Her horse had his meals at regular hours, and no one of the family ever used him for even a minute beyond his regular dinner-time. When she went away in the summer, meat was sent regularly from her provision-dealer for the dog and the cat. (This was long before the days of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.)

She was scrupulously careful never to exact more work from her domestics than they could do without difficulty. Their health

and comfort were as carefully considered as if they were members of her family. Their best welfare always took precedence of her own convenience.

In many ways where people thoughtlessly infringe on the rights of others, she was sensitively careful and thoughtful. She never travelled with a heavy trunk, "lest some one should hurt himself by lifting it." She was accustomed to say that to write a bad hand was a form of petty dishonesty, for it wasted the time and eyesight of other people. It need scarcely be added with what accuracy her accounts were kept and with what promptness her bills were paid. It was almost a joke with her provision-dealer. "Mrs. —, I wish you owed me a thousand dollars!" he would say, smiling, when she settled her monthly account.

When her children made visits away from home, they were earnestly charged to be sure to be dressed in time for breakfast in the morning, to keep their rooms in perfect order, in every way to give as little trouble as possible, "And be always nicely dressed. You owe it to your hostess to look nice."

Another rule, especially for hotels and boarding-houses, was not to leave anything lying carelessly about,—not for fear of losing it, but lest it should tempt some young girl, hitherto honest, to take it, and that might be the first step in dishonesty.

(To be continued.)

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

Chipping Sparrow; Chippy; Hair-bird.

Spizella socialis.

Adult: forehead black; crown chestnut; a light streak over the eye, a black one from the base of bill backward through the eye; under parts and back of neck ash-gray; back streaked with black, brown, and dull red; wings and tail dusky, the latter notched; bill short, dark; legs pale. Length, 5.35 inches.

This bird is migratory, and comes in April and leaves late in October. Builds its nest in trees or bushes, and so constantly employs horse-hair for the purpose that hair-bird has become one of its popular names. Referring to this habit, Thoreau says, "If I wish for a horse-hair for my compass sight, I must go to the stable; but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road."

Chippy is notably a bird fond of man's society. At least, he finds in the neighborhood of gardens, human habitations, and animals the shelter, food, and building materials best suited to his wants.

He is one of the first of the birds to come, and among the last to go; and his constant presence about the door-yard in the garden lends more of homeliness and comfort to rural dwellings than he is apt to gain credit for. His note is a trill of considerable duration, suggestive of the sound of the cicada,—certainly not a beautiful song, but, because of familiarity and association, one whose loss would be deplored. ("Our Common Birds and How to Know Them." John B. Grant.)

I note the arrival of that humblest and most familiar of all sparrows, the ubiquitous "chipper." It certainly cannot be called a singer, and its familiar note is commonly too strident to be very musical; but it is a harmless drop of sound, even among the vocalists of June, and pleasantly fills a niche in the empty spaces of July and August. In appearance it is always refreshingly neat, not to say spruce and unpretentious; and by being neither over-timid nor bold it always holds itself at an interesting distance. This is said to be the only one of the sparrows that sometimes builds its nest in trees, all the other species (except, perhaps, the tree sparrow) on the ground or in bushes. From its nest being commonly lined with horse-hair, it gets the name of hair-bird. ("Bird's Calendar," H. E. Parkhurst.)

"Mr. Torrey says, if he could have his way, this little bird should be known as the 'door-step sparrow'; and certainly no name could be more appropriate. . . .

"Since the chippy is the first of the sparrows to be studied, it will be well to look at him closely, in order to see what are his family traits. He has the cone-shaped, seed-cracking finch bill, the type we saw approached by those of the cowbird and bobolink, but, like most sparrows, is not exclusively granivorous. As a seed-eater, he destroys the foxtail and crab grass that disfigure our lawns, and he helps, too, to free our premises from pigweeds, chickweed, and knotweed; while, as an insect-eater, he does us a good turn by eating cabbage-worms, tent-caterpillars, cankerworms, and gypsy-

moth caterpillars, particularly affects cut-worms and army worms, two of our worst insect pests. Combining insect with vegetable food in this way, the chippy does not find it necessary to go as far south for his winter supplies as exclusively insectivorous birds; and so we find him, in company with other short-winged seed-eaters, wintering in the Gulf States and Mexico, while the swift and many of the fly-catchers go on to Central America. As a family, the sparrows are very musical; and, though the chippy is not a gifted member of the choir, when he sits on a tree in the sun, with his soft feathers fluffed up about him, even his monotonous little trill has a cheery summer sound." ("Birds of Village and Field," Florence Merriam.)

FLOWERING SPURGE.

Euphorbia corollata. Spurge Family.

Why should this plant be called the flowering spurge? Do not all the spurges flower? Yes, they do, but most of them are so insignificant that we would not be blamed if we were, upon a casual observation, to say they did not. The flowers and their involucre are very small; and to distinguish them, and to bring this species more into notice, probably, the common name was given. We shall soon see that it is really not the flowers, but the involucre, that are most conspicuous.

This spurge is a plant of about two or three feet in height. It grows through the United States, from New York to Florida, and also through some of the more inland States, flourishing in dry fields.

The entire leaves, from one to two inches long, are somewhat scattering. On the lower part of the smooth and usually simple stem they are alternate, but the upper ones are opposite: they are ovate or linear. Oftentimes near the tip of the stalks they are whorled, and, as they frequently have white edges, they are very handsome.

On the tips of the stems grow out-branched umbels. Each umbel has usually about five branches; and each branch is divided into about three smaller parts, each part composed of perhaps two stems. On each of these stems is a cluster of tiny flowers, both pistils and stamens appearing in one head. They have neither petals nor sepals, and

one may easily mistake them for stamens. Around them is a large, cup-like involucre, white or pale bluish-white: this often has five parts, which makes it seem much like a flower.

As we see the heads of flowers growing in this way, they look very pretty: they have been compared to forget-me-nots, and, indeed, their general appearance is much like those blue-flowered plants. They blossom through the months of July and August, and the central head usually opens two or three weeks before the others.

Rose suggests this as a good plant for the rockery, saying that it will thrive well in sunny, exposed places. Florists have used it with other cut flowers.

Other names, such as bowman's root, wandering milkweed, Indian physic, and wild ipecac, have been given to this plant; but most of these names really belong to other plants. The aborigines used this spurge as a medicine.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

I.

A Civic Puzzle.

When the following cities have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the initial letters will spell a name by which London is sometimes called:—

1. A city of New Jersey.
2. A city of the West Indies.
3. A city of Illinois.
4. A city of Ohio.
5. A city of Iowa.
6. A city of New York.
7. A city of Michigan.
8. A city of New York.
9. A city of Italy.
10. A city of Tennessee.
11. A city of Greece.
12. A city of Massachusetts.
13. A city of Ohio.
14. A city of California.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

II.

Rhymed Transpositions.

Each blank is to be filled by a word of six letters. No two words are alike, though the same six letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the six missing words.

"A country lad, by gaudy . . . lured,
 Came to . . . and took the sergeant's shil-
 ling:
 Much pain he suffered, many woes endured,
 As 'prentice to the noble art of killing.
 He would not . . . to his friends' advice,
 And so they all were . . . at last.
 Death found one day the . . . to his life.
 And, as his soul from battle's uproar
 passed,
 "Vile coin," he cried, "that . . . now my
 purse:
 'Tis thou, base bride, deservest now my
 curse."

(St. Nicholas.)

III.

Anagrams.

A famous American—
 "Go on sewing the rag."
 An American man of letters—
 "Come join me for the spree."
 Man of world-wide fame—
 "Help succor him or bust."
 A famous explorer—
 "No master then, only R.Y."
 An American man of letters—
 "He shall jot a bird lingo."

Charade.

My first, though only half, is yet the same
 as middle;
 My second's always "good" and "she,"
 though why's a riddle;
 My third is always "he" and sometimes
 very bad;
 My whole, though often small, is elegantly
 clad:
 The smallest of its kind, it's something
 very breezy;
 And, when you find it out, you'll say, "I
 know, it's easy."

(St. Nicholas.)

A Poultry Problem.

I bought some fowl the other day,
 One hundred dollars did I pay:
 Each turkey did 5.00 dollars touch,
 Each goose did bring but half as much;
 While chickens, if it must be told,
 For ten cents each were freely sold.
 One hundred fowls in all had I,
 Of each how many did I buy?

(St. Nicholas.)

Answers to Puzzles in July Number.

I.

1. W-eight. 2. F-our. 3. Eight-y. 4.
 H-eight. 5. D-one. 6. Of-ten. 7. Ca-
 nine.

II.

1. Let never despair be your motto.
 2. A blithe heart makes a blooming vis-
 age.
 3. Folly is the poverty of the mind.
 4. A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
 5. A penny saved is a penny earned.

III.

1. Touraco—Swan.
 2. Tinamon—Pin-tail.
 3. Gannet—Daw.
 4. Hasey—Martin.
 [avis—Hawk.
 6. Swallow—Teal.

IV.

Conundrums.

1. Heat—because you can catch cold.
 2. His foot.
 3. Wet.
 4. If you don't C-sharp, you will B-flat.
 5. The outside.
 6. Absence of Body.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

MISS YONGE'S NOVELS.

One of the most remarkable qualities of Miss Yonge's work is her power to give the *development* of character. This is one of the very rarest gifts possessed by novelists. I recall an article on this subject whose author says he can think of but *three* writers who have this power. The three he mentioned are Thackeray, Goethe, and Miss Yonge.

There is a certain resemblance to Jane Austen in Miss Yonge's writings. She is as complete a realist as Miss Austen, but with a much wider range. Miss Yonge may be said to *include* Miss Austen, and to have many other gifts which Miss Austen did not possess. Miss Austen never leaves the drawing-room, and presents us with the commonplace English society of her day.

There is a curious error in regard to Miss Yonge, in that she is supposed to give always domestic, quiet household scenes. These she gives in plenty, but she is equally at home in other lines.

Take, for instance, "The Trial." Here is a story in which the interest centres on a murder, and the sentence of an innocent person, condemned by circumstantial evidence. Had Miss Braddon or Maxwell Gray taken exactly the same theme, it would be called a "sensational" novel. The difference is that in one case the portraiture of events and of persons would be coarsely daubed in glaring colors. Miss Yonge gives us the most finished work of art. Every character connected with the story is a real creation: we know each one as we know our intimate friends. Each one acts out his part exactly according to his nature: there is no effort at description. The well-meaning, small-minded elder brother; the warm-hearted, undisciplined sister; the wholesome, commonplace Mary, with her prosaic mind and sweet womanly unselfishness,—all are as real as Miss Austen's characters, but with the variety and contrast which Miss Austen does not give us.

In "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" we have a perfect reproduction of mediæval life. We live ourselves in the grim old castle. The robber baron, the burgher, the old baroness, the half-civilized population,—everything is real. It is as good in its way as any of Walter Scott's stories; and, had Miss Yonge come before Walter Scott, this power would be recognized. Other novelists describe these scenes. She takes you with her to the spot, and you feel yourself living in the time. "The Chaplet of Pearls," where we go back to the days of Elizabeth, and meet Charles IX., Henry III., Catharine de Medicis, and go through the massacre of St. Bartholomew, shows perhaps more imagination still. It seems to me the best of all Miss Yonge's historical novels. It is hard to compare, where each book has its especial charm and merit; but there are so many failures in this direction (by other writers) that we may point out how perfectly Miss Yonge has succeeded in this field. "The Caged Lion," "The Prince and the Page," "Stray Pearls" (the sequel to "The Chaplet of Pearls"), "A Reputed Changeling," "Grisly Grisell," "Two Penni-

less Princesses,"—in all these the scene is laid in an earlier period than our own, and with historical characters as actors on the stage; and in all she has succeeded. One novel such as "The Chaplet of Pearls" or "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" would have established her reputation in the highest rank as a writer of fiction, and she has produced a number.

There is no lack of sensational subjects; but they are handled with force, indeed, but also with delicacy and in a wholesome way. Miss Yonge's sensational tales leave no bitter taste in the mouth, no sickening or feverish effect; and thus they have not been called sensational.

Miss Yonge has one gift which seems to me quite unique. At least, I can remember no other writer of fiction who possesses it. Not only she gives her *dramatis personæ* real characters of their own which they act out like living beings, but she presents to her readers such graphic portraits of these creations that we know exactly how they look,—see them, in fact, just as we see the faces of our friends.

Other authors have only a very limited power in this way. Most writers of fiction describe a fair, blue-eyed heroine or a dark one. That is all they can do. A few can depict several types with slight variations. Miss Austen does not attempt much description of her heroines. As some reviewer says, "An allusion is made to the fine eyes of one and the rich bloom of another": we will add the "delicate complexion" of Jane Fairfax; that is all.

Thackeray gives us a vivid portrait of Beatrix, another of Ethel Newcome, another of Becky Sharp; portraits somewhat less striking of Laura and of Charlotte Baynes. That is all. (His men, indeed, are far more real than those of most novelists; but we have not space to dwell upon them now.) Dickens's women have no more existence than so many paper dolls (except where the type is exaggerated into the grotesque).

In Miss Yonge's books we are introduced to group after group of people; all self-existent; all natural; all distinctly visible to the eye, like the people we meet day by day in our own houses.

Here is an example of what I mean: I can recall four characters of all of whom, if we were to describe their appearance, we

should say they had, broadly speaking, the same features and coloring. These are Violet in "Heartsease," Anne Woodford in "A Reputed Changeling," Anne Fordyce in "Chantrey House," Esther in "Magnum Bonum." All these young women are very handsome, with delicate regular features, fair, but not pale, coloring, and dark brown eyes. We can see each one distinctly, and not one resembles or even suggests the other. We do not think of any likeness. An inferior writer would have made these four heroines exactly alike, both in looks and in character, like so many peas in a pod.

There is a slight variation, in description of their looks from these four, in Ellen Fordyce, Averil Ward, and Lilius and Emily Mohun. All these are perfectly distinct creations as to character.

Take another type,—the petite, sparkling, dark-eyed brunette. Here we have Meta Rivers, Alice Knevett, Eustacie de Ribamont, Jane Mohun. Not one of them suggests another in character or in personal traits, and not even in face and feature. We see Meta, and she is not in the least like Alice; nor is Alice like Jane or Eustacie.

Two of Miss Yonge's most popular and fascinating stories—"The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease"—are not so much as others specimens of her best work and illustrations of her highest gifts. Amy, Violet, and Laura are *less* real creations than others. They are more visibly moulded and live less by their own natural life. So it is with Guy. Leonard in "The Trial" is a much more real character. The perfunctory and resolute humility of Miss Yonge's "good" characters makes them a little priggish and slightly mars their reality. This is the case with Guy, Amy, Phœbe Fulmort, Constance, in "Castle Builders," and some others. It is a slight fault, still it is a fault.

Apart from this, Miss Yonge has the almost unique gift of making a commonplace person interesting by sheer force of character and goodness. In almost all other novels except hers the "good" characters are "goody." Miss Yonge achieves a triumph here. In "Dynevore Terrace" we have a remarkable example of this. The beautiful Isabel is contrasted with the prosaic Mary.

A second-rate writer would have been

obliged to make Isabel a hypocrite or a selfish, spoiled child under the mask of her beauty, to induce us to prefer Mary. But Miss Yonge gives her not only exquisite beauty, but a noble spirit and winning sweetness of disposition, then places her in circumstances that throw a halo of romance about her; and, having done all this, not only the hero prefers Mary's solid, unromantic goodness, but we, the readers, feel that we should have done the same. In real life this might happen,—we see it happen; but it is nearly impossible to put it into a book. Who else has done this without making the beauty fair to see, but disappointing in character?

Mary Ponsonby is perhaps the best of the plain, good, common-sense heroines. The others which occur to me are Mary May, Phœbe Fulmort, and Eleanor Mohun.

(To be continued.)

DR. HOLMES AND THE ROBIN.

It was a perfect summer day. The air was sweet with the fresh breath of the sea, and the sunshine was radiant. But the beauty of the day, great as it was in all natural ways, was enhanced by the thought that, by special invitation, I was to spend that day with Oliver Wendell Holmes. An Armenian from the far-off land of Ararat said recently that every year was marked by a milestone, but that his happy year in America would be marked by a *Washington monument*. So that summer day was so brilliant that only its own flaming sunset colors could furnish pigment enough to mark the "red-letter day" that it was.

The dew was hardly dry on the grass when I was seated in the pleasant library, with windows open and curtains drawn to let in the morning air. Outside the birds were singing as though they, too, knew how good it was to be there. Within the genial man sat in an easy-chair, surrounded by his books, talking of them and their authors, giving wonderfully interesting reminiscences of this one and that one, chatting about his charming visit across the sea, and exhibiting some of the letters he had recently received from all sorts of people, a poet among them. This poet had sent him a long manuscript volume of verse, asking

Dr. Holmes's opinion as to its merit. How kindly he spoke of them all! Some wanted autographs, some advice, one wanted to borrow money, and several were outpourings of sincere love and reverence. Two or three were from children, and evidently these gave him genuine pleasure. But not a harsh or unkind criticism did he make of a single one. He said that it was his habit to reply to each with his own hand, though he added that it was getting to be a weary task.

Suddenly, as we were talking, feasting our eyes at the same time on the beautiful picture of lawn and rocks and trees and open sea, there was a flutter of wings, a bird-call of fear, and an anxious cry from a mother-bird's throat. Directly in front of the window where I sat rose a steep rock, above which was a young tree in whose branches a robin's nest was half hidden. A young bird, under the tuition of its mother, just trying its wings, was flitting from twig to twig. Losing its hold, it fell headlong down the face of the rock, beating wildly, with the untrained wings, against the empty air. Happily, it fell in the unowned grass of a terrace that ran along the granite wall.

We both heard the outcry of the alarmed robins. "What is it? what is it?" asked Dr. Holmes. "A young robin has fallen from the nest into the grass below," I answered; for I had seen the birdling in its unexpected flight.

"A robin! a young robin!" he cried exultantly, to my great surprise. "Oh, where is it? Come, quick! All the boy in me revives at the thought of catching a robin!" And almost as soon as I could get out upon the lawn he was beside me. I sprang onto the terrace at a leap. "Oh, I could have done that once," he laughed; "but you must let me catch it myself." The little thing was struggling to raise itself, but was tangled in the tall grass and clover, though unhurt. I bent the long grass down over it, and kept it a prisoner till the would-be bird-catcher had found an easier level by which to reach the terrace. Meantime he had called to his daughter to bring an empty bird-cage which happened to be in the house. With a real shout of glee, he caught his prisoner. It was a strange picture: the old man on the grassy

bank, bare-headed, the sunshine lighting up his smiling face, and the little bird clasped close in his delicate hand, its tiny black eyes looking fearlessly into his own. I held the cage while he slipped it in, and he carried it in triumph into the house. "Oh," he said, "how that carries me back to my boyhood!" And he began a series of reminiscences that promised to be full of charm. Yet I was a little surprised that such a lover of freedom should be willing to take a bird captive.

"But what am I thinking of? I don't know what young robins eat!" he cried. "What shall I give it?"

"If you will let me carry the cage out and set it under the tree, I think the mother bird will feed it," I ventured to suggest, hoping that he would let it go free.

"Very well, we will try it," he said. So I carried the gilded prison out, and set it in the cool grass beneath the shade of an apple-tree. In a moment down swooped, not the mother, but a gay oriole, its shining gold flashing between me and the gray rock. He lit on the cage, and began to chatter to the little prisoner, who responded with a plaintive chirp. Faint as it was, the mother heard, and in a moment shot down from the tree, and fiercely attacked the inquisitive visitor. A battle of about a minute ensued; but the birds separated before we had time to interfere, and the oriole flew meekly away. Then the mother robin with sweet notes of compassion comforted the frightened baby. Shortly she darted off, and soon returned with a fat earthworm in her beak, which with great skill she dropped into the yawning bill between the wires of the cage. And so all the long June day she came and went, and nursed and fed her darling. There the cage stood when the dew fell and the setting sun sent me home.

The next time I saw Dr. Holmes I asked about the fate of the little bird. "Ah," said he, "my heart smote me at making an innocent captive; and the next day I opened the prison door, and the faithful mother easily enticed her little one into the great, free world."—*Isabel C. Barrows, in Outlook.*

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Seymour Carpenter of Stafford Springs, Connecticut.

The person who is sending the *Cheerful Letter* to Benjamin Reicker, 409 Pearl Street, New York, New York, is requested to discontinue it, as Mr. Reicker has left that place, and his address is not known to any one at the office.

The address of Rebecca Reedy is changed from Olympia, Wash., to Tulare, California. Will the person who is sending *The Cheerful Letter* to her kindly notice this?

The address of Mrs. Edward A. Clarke is changed from 8 Sumner Street, Brewer, Maine, to Levant, Maine.

The address of Mrs. G. B. Dullegan is now 466 Wayne Street, Jersey City, New Jersey. The editor would be glad to know whether any one is sending *The Cheerful Letter* to her.

The address, printed in July number Mr. Fred Gear, East Machias, Maine, should have been Mr. Fred Geal. Will senders kindly take notice?

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to

make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The address of our treasurer for the summer months is Miss Louise Howe, Little Nahant, Nahant, Mass.

It is contrary to the rules of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

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